

OF ALL BANKS MOST GORGEOUS

NEW JARMULOWSKY PLACE ONE OF THE CITY'S SIGHTS.

General Effect Is Moorish, Complicated With Fairland—Whole Place a Bower of Flowers at the Opening of Banking Hours—Ten Thousand People There.

The great Jarmulowsky bank building, in the construction of which several tons of gold leaf and marble and countless iron beams were used, was opened yesterday, and 10,000 admiring Easterners made their way through the illuminated corridors and admired the Moorish decoration. The Jarmulowsky building is at 155 East Broadway and architecturally it is remarkable. The citizen who rides up East Broadway ought to look out of the street car window at Rutgers street to get a glimpse of it.

The Jarmulowsky family has been doing a banking business on the East Side for fifty years, and it is the proud boast of the members that there has been no failure, and only one or two "runs" in all of that time. Sander Jarmulowsky, the present head of the family, has a bank at 45 Canal street, where he has been for forty years.

Arthur Jarmulowsky, one of the sons, has a banking house in Hamburg, which is associated with the New York concerns and the gorgeous place that was opened yesterday is the banking house of Meyer and Louis Jarmulowsky, the other sons of Sander.

A year ago Meyer and Louis decided to move from 173 East Broadway, where they had been for years. So they bought the property at the corner of Rutgers street and Meyer, who served an apprenticeship with an architect early in life, planned the building which was opened yesterday. The East Side with constantly increasing wonder has seen it go up.

When the building was opened yesterday thousands were waiting outside to get a glimpse of the fairland within. A ton of flowers from the friends of the house of Jarmulowsky were scattered throughout the interior of the bank, and to add to this, the Jarmulowskys had turned a florist house, and he had spread strings of greens wherever he could find anything to suspend them from and had put potted plants on every spot not occupied by some floral offering. Also had Meyer Jarmulowsky ordered all of the myriads of electric lights inside and outside the bank turned on.

Meyer and Louis Jarmulowsky and J. David Eisenstein, the secretary of the banking house, showed the visitors around. They showed them the vaults where all securities would be safely kept, and so touched were some of the visitors that they opened accounts on the spot. The thirty clerks of the institution were in their places for just such contingencies, so that all through the inspection the house was ready for business.

The new Jarmulowsky banking house is a seven-story building. The six upper floors are painted in beautiful silver and gold. In front of each window is a little Moorish balcony. On the ground floor a Moorish arch extends over the sidewalk supported by Moorish columns of gold and silver. On each side of the arch in huge letters of gold are the words: "Bank of M. and L. Jarmulowsky."

The arch leads to a huge vestibule which Mr. Jarmulowsky told all visitors yesterday was a copy of the entrance of the Alhambra in Madrid. There are more gold and silver columns here and windows of stained glass made to represent the seal of the house. The same seal is printed on a white flag which waves from the roof of the building.

It is another design of Meyer Jarmulowsky, who says he got his idea from the Scriptures. From two trees is suspended a scroll, on which the name of Jarmulowsky is printed. Over this is a pyramid of stone, surmounted by an arch, and over all an American eagle, with spread wings. In the background are a smooth river and a setting sun.

In this vestibule were five large floral pieces yesterday, the cards of the donors still attached. On four of the pieces the word "Success" had been worked in in mortars. On the fifth were the words: "Good Luck." A flight of white marble steps leads up the bank entrance, where a large uniformed person with "Jarmulowsky" inscribed on every corner of the uniform, stood guard. Inside were dozens of floral offerings, most of which had "Success" on them.

There is nothing but money, securities, brass bars, marble stands, mahogany furniture, silver and gold, and a stained glass inside the bank. It is a little trying on the eyes at first, especially when the electric lights are all going, as they were all day yesterday, and as they will be all day to day, but after one gets used to it, it is really a sight worth seeing. No building in the city could be so rich in gold and silver, or not used for a bank, is quite like the Jarmulowsky building. When one looks at it he expects to see a hooded Arab or a turbaned Turk come sliding out of the door. Despite this queer effect it has on a person, however, the Jarmulowsky bank was a big hit yesterday, and promises to be an even more popular depository of East Side wealth than it was in its old home.

WONDER WHY PASTOR RESIGNED.
The Rev. J. R. Edwards Gives No Reason for His Sudden Action.

Baptist church circles in Flatbush are still much exercised by the sudden resignation of the Rev. James R. Edwards, pastor of the First Baptist church, and the mystery that surrounds the reason for his sudden departure from the field. The church is now practically without a pastor, the Rev. Mr. Edwards having gone South after reading his resignation from the pulpit at the close of his sermon on Sunday, Feb. 22.

BURNED BY SAFE-BREAKERS.

Robbers Get Into North Canaan's Post Office and Set the Building on Fire.

WINSTED, Conn., March 3.—Two or three burglars broke into the post office in North Canaan at about 3 o'clock this morning and after blowing up the safe and securing the contents, estimated to be valued at \$1,000, set fire to the building, which was occupied by the post office, the Canaan Savings Bank, Collins's jewelry store and Abbe's real estate and insurance office. The structure was destroyed with all its contents, as was also a dwelling occupied by Mrs. Sara Hamm as a boarding house. All the inmates escaped unharmed. The large frame house occupied by D. Parsons & Sons, merchants, was slightly damaged.

The burglars broke into the barn of Martin Lange, in the rear of the post office, harnessed the best horse there to a wagon and drove out of town before the fire was discovered. The stolen rig was found here about daybreak this morning, tied to a post not a great distance from the station of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. It has been ascertained that the cracksmen and firebugs boarded the 5:30 outgoing train for New York and the police in cities between here and New York have been notified to be on the lookout for the men.

The large safe in the bank was not touched, as the contents were found to be intact when it was opened at 9 o'clock this morning. The property loss by fire is estimated at \$25,000.

A VERSATILE SERVANT GIRL.

Boasted of Cookery, Stole Two Banks and Tried to Break Jail in Man's Garb.

NEW BRUNSWICK, March 3.—Housewife who seek servants in the New York agencies are interested, not to say alarmed, at the experience that Mrs. John H. Becker had with a certain frivolous young person who looks like a hard-up chorus girl and calls herself Carrie Smith.

Carrie was hired by Mrs. Becker in New York a few days ago to do housework. She told Mrs. Becker glibly that she could do everything the situation demanded and that she was particularly strong on lobster à la Newburgh and delectables.

Three hours after she arrived Mrs. Becker missed her. Carrie was traced in the snow to the corner station of the Pennsylvania Railroad. She had Mrs. Becker's mackintosh with her and two of the children's savings banks. A policeman took her to jail.

Last night Carrie got a man's suit of clothing and slipped into it, rattled on the grated door for the jailer. She thought he would take her for somebody else and let her out to run as errand, and that she hoped to escape. But jailer Messer, shrewd man that he is, frustrated the plot in its very inception and to-day he told the reporters about it with ill-concealed pride.

Men escape from Middlesex county jail, which is a paper mache sort of affair, with ease and regularity. Somebody told Carrie that a famous crook had once boasted that he could smuggle a load of hay in or out of the Middlesex jail, and she decided to try the runners to loan her a suit of clothes.

Servants are in great demand in New Brunswick, but nobody has offered to take chances on Carrie.

NEARLY KILLED BY FOOTPADS.

Morris Adler Assaulted and Robbed on a Brooklyn Street.

While Morris Adler, the president of the Brooklyn Disciplinary School, who lives at 816 Putnam avenue, was on his way home from a lodge meeting early yesterday morning he was attacked from behind at Third avenue and Monroe street. He was struck on the head with a blunt instrument and when he fell his assailants stole his gold watch and chain, valued at \$150, and \$50 in cash. The robbers left Mr. Adler lying in a pool of blood.

Detective Fritz of the Ralph avenue police station was passing on the opposite side of the street when he heard Mr. Adler's groans. He discovered Mr. Adler, almost unconscious, bleeding from a wound on the back of his head. His forehead was cut and his nose was bruised and swollen.

The detective summoned an ambulance from St. Mary's hospital and sent word to the police station. The thieves in their hurry to rob him overlooked a wallet containing \$150 which he had in an inside pocket of his waistcoat. Mr. Adler was removed to his home in an ambulance, where he lapsed into unconsciousness. The police were unable to find out who the assailants were. Mr. Adler is 44 years old, is a well-to-do business man and is a member of the board of governors of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum.

TWO FIREMAN KENEHAN'S SON.

He Shielded When Arrested Over a Mutilated \$10 Note—Son Arrested.

The arrests on Monday, by the Fire Department, on charges of having made false affidavits in order to secure a redemption for \$10 each of the mutilated halves of the same silver certificate, was followed yesterday by the arrest of the fireman's son, Richard A. Kenehan, on the same charge.

After his arrest on Monday the fireman, who has been 2 years on his force, in order to sign his name to the affidavit which led to his arrest he was taken to the office of the Fire Department. He was taken to the office of the Fire Department. He was taken to the office of the Fire Department.

Young Kenehan was formerly in the Fire Department and is drawing a pension for injuries which caused his retirement.

HAGANAN'S DEATH INQUIRY.

Mrs. Delabre to Be Questioned by Prosecution.

Assistant District Attorney Garvan, who is prosecuting the Haganan case, said yesterday that he expected to have Mrs. Delabre before him to-day to answer certain questions that he wants to put to her regarding the death of Theodore Haganan, her former husband. Mrs. Delabre, through her lawyer, Abe Hummel, has expressed a willingness to answer any questions Mr. Garvan wants to ask.

Mr. Garvan told Mr. Garvan by former friends of Haganan regarding the latter's death have differed from the statements made by Mrs. Delabre. He has decided that Mr. Haganan practically drank himself to death. Mr. Haganan, who was 40 years old, was a well-to-do man and was living at the Waldorf when he was found dead in the bath.

Mr. Garvan declined to make any prediction regarding the probable outcome of his investigation. He said he might be prepared to divulge something interesting in a few days, however.

Arrested for Smuggling on 10th Street.

Antonio De Joo and Jules L. Bova, stewards on the French liner La Savoy, were sent to Ludlow Street Jail yesterday in default of \$1,000 each on a charge of smuggling. On Sunday night Customs Inspector Maylan stopped them as they were leaving the steamer. On La Savoy he found ten pieces of fine hand-made embroidery and on De Joo four and a half dozen ladies' combs.

BOOKS AND BOOKMAKING.

Cyrus Townsend Brady's forthcoming novel, "The Southerners," was written without a title, and the author sought vainly for a satisfactory name for it until the contents, estimated to be valued at \$1,000, set fire to the building, which was occupied by the post office, the Canaan Savings Bank, Collins's jewelry store and Abbe's real estate and insurance office.

The story deals with Civil War times and events and its chief actors are on the Confederate side; but, without design, Mr. Brady chose for the Union characters men who were also of Southern birth. George H. Thomas, the "Rock of Chickamauga," was a Virginian. Farragut was born in Tennessee. Drayton, Farragut's chief of staff, was a Carolinian. Watson, his flag lieutenant, was from the South.

So Mr. Brady had without realizing it written a Civil War story whose characters were all Southern—even those identified in history with the North—and the coincidence furnished a title.

"Lady Rose's Daughter," by Mrs. Humphry Ward, will be published simultaneously in three American editions—a popular one-volume edition, a handsome two-volume edition and a still more elaborate two-volume autograph edition. This is rather striking proof of the publishers' confidence in the book's power of appeal to a wide range of readers.

An English edition will soon be published and translations into French, German and Swedish are under way.

Gertrude Atherton calls Mrs. Wiggs "David Harum's widow," and even lovers of the Cabbage Patch heroine recognize the aptness of the characterization.

First novels by young women come thick and fast. Edna Kenton's "What Manner of Man," Katherine Thurston's "The Circle," Martha Austin's "Veronica," Margaret Doyle Jackson's "A Daughter of the Pit," Annie Flint's "A Girl of Ideas" and Frances Powell's "The House on the Hudson" are all first novels, and, moreover, are all clever novels.

Matthew Arnold would hail with joy the English translation of Obermann.

Arnold Bennett will publish another novel in May and he has had the courage to make the heroine 40 years old at the beginning of the story—"the most interesting age in a woman's life," says the author. "The average heroine of 25 is by no means as interesting a study as the woman who has lived and reached 40."

Mr. Bennett has had a successful journalistic career and has for several years been classed by English critics among the most promising of the younger novelists, but the publication of "The Five Towns" was his first pronounced hit.

For the average American reader this clever story in its American edition will probably be a first introduction to Mr. Bennett's work, but Charles Frohman is to bring out a play by the same author. Mr. Bennett has had plays accepted by Julia Neilson, Cyril Maude and Allan Ayres, but none of them has yet been produced.

E. V. Lucas has appealed to American bibliophiles for information concerning any of Charles Lamb's letters that may exist in this country. Clement Shorter, commenting upon the fact, applauds the wisdom of Mr. Lucas and adds the statement that fully two-thirds of the valuable English manuscripts of the past hundred years are in the hands of American collectors.

The best advertisement for a book is a striking success of its immediate predecessor. Mr. Wiggs has given "Love Mary" such a running start that the advance sales of the book are close to record-breaking.

Joseph Conrad has been a cult rather than a mania among American readers, but the publication of his "Youth" seems to have won for him a fame which he has not heretofore enjoyed.

Oddly enough this past master of English is not an Englishman, but a Pole. He was born in Poland and all his family were implicated in the Polish uprising of 1862. His father, who was editor of a patriotic review, was imprisoned and his mother was exiled to Siberia, where she died.

The boy was well educated in Cracow, but had a passion for the sea and after a stay in France, shipped on an English clipper. Later he shipped upon a London and Australia trader and the experience of these Australian voyages are the basis for his greatest story, "Youth."

The rover qualified as master, and commanded both steam and sailing vessels in Eastern seas picking up a wealth of queer knowledge about men and things; but in 1890 he came back to England for a long stay. It was then that he began his first book, "Almayer's Folly."

He had a masterful curiosity about African conditions, and soon pure literature aside to take command of a river steamer in the Congo. When his curiosity was fully satisfied and he had added vastly to his odd experiences, he returned to England and literature. Since then he has been making himself England's greatest writer of sea stories and using the material gathered from the queer corners of the world.

Edna Kenton, whose novel, "What Manner of Man," is attracting considerable attention, is a Missouri girl with a Virginian ancestry, but now she makes her home in Chicago where, for a time, she was upon the staff of an evening newspaper. The novel, which has been so much discussed by critics and moralists, was written three years ago, in a fortnight's time, but has been kept and polished until now.

Pierre de Coulanger is writing another novel with the American woman for its theme. "Sur la Blanche" is to be its title and the author describes the book as the story of a clever, middle-aged woman of psychological bent, but her studies of the American woman, being entirely in the American colony of Paris, and in the great Parisian hotels, are hardly so comprehensive or so convincing as she would have the public think.

Americans are to have an opportunity to contribute to the Ruskin Memorial Fund which will be used for the erection at Bouneville, England, of a library and museum and the founding of classes for the encouragement of handicrafts. The project is in charge of the Ruskin societies of Great Britain.

Edward W. Townsend's "Less and Learn" is not a slum story, but the author has introduced certain pictures of the darker side of New York life into his novel, and the critics have fallen foul of them. Protestants have been made against the attempt at realism in these chapters, and Mr. Townsend has been moved to give the genesis of the incidents most severely criticised.

It seems that Mr. Townsend's reports of the Lessee investigation, published in THE SUN, were sent by a Justice of the Supreme Court to Emilie Zola, who was his friend and correspondent. Zola was intensely interested in certain instances of police brutality and wrote:

"These being facts, your novelists will

not have to exert their powers of invention for the exposition of human brutality, the like of which I have been condemned for daring to imagine."

Zola's comments were repeated to Mr. Townsend, and, in his new book, he has given in substance the two incidents to which Zola especially referred. These are the incidents that are arousing criticism.

Elizabeth Marbury, who engineered the agreement between France and America regarding the copyrighting of plays, is largely responsible for the tremendous popularity of plays in book form among French readers. Paris publishers say that their public is reading plays even more eagerly than novels and that since the fears of pirating are removed, French dramatists are making as much profit out of play publishing as out of box office receipts.

Charles Eastman, author of "Indian Boyhood," has found the public so readily interested in the real life of the Indian that he is now lecturing successfully throughout the country.

Dr. Eastman occupies a curious position in Dakota, where he is Government physician among the Crow Indians. He is usually suspicious of his brother Indians who have taken on white civilization, have learned to place the utmost confidence in him, and he acts as a sort of father confessor, not only to the Crows, but to other neighboring tribes.

New laws have placed these Indians in a transition state between primitive ideas and civilized conventions and they are hopelessly mixed up in regard to most questions. The enforcement of regular marriage and divorce laws among the tribes has been one of the worst stumbling blocks, and Dr. Eastman has a trying time explaining matters to the braves who are not satisfied with their domestic condition and haven't the old-time privilege of turning a squaw out when she doesn't prove satisfactory.

Dr. Eastman has a keen sense of humor and his stories of the Indian ideas upon divorce are amusing.

The Bookman, weary of inconsistent stories concerning the sales of various popular novels, has asked the publishers for accurate information. Here are some of the figures which have the firm's sanction.

"Audrey".....170,000
"The House of the Baskervilles".....85,588
"The Lord's Secret".....94,000
"The Eternal City".....225,000
"The Man from (1 penny)".....100,000
"The Virginian".....150,000
"The Crisis".....105,000
"The Cavalier".....100,000
"Lives of the Hunters".....80,000

These are imposing statistics and there are more to come, but the novels that have failed are as the sands of the sea.

John Burroughs has been expressing his mind about "real and sham natural history," and various writers of "nature stories" will find his article in the current *Nature Monthly* unpalatable.

Mr. Burroughs knows a thing or two about nature himself and the psychological studies of woodchucks and penguins have goaded him into speech. He lets C. G. D. Roberts and William Davenport Hurbit down easily, even praises them, with reservations, and he has an exceedingly good word for Dallas Love Sharp, but all upon Ernest Thompson Seton and belabors him mercilessly. Mr. Seton and Allan Ayres, but none of them has yet been produced.

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PUBLICATIONS.

First Printing Feb. 12. 2d Printing Feb. 21. 3d Printing in Press.

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